



A Bennett Publication

NO. 34

2017

Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES

10¢



STRONG
POWERFUL
DARING!

Nothing ever happens
the ordinary way! In this issue,
CAPTAIN MARVEL
TAKES ON
**THE PROBLEM
OF MR. TANNY**
THE TANNY TRICK

CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES

Executive Editor
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A Fawcett Publication
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Chief Artist
C. E. BICK



CAPTAIN MARVEL

IN
MR. TAWNY'S PROBLEM

THE SPLIT PERSONALITY

**THE RUMOR THAT
WOULDN'T STOP**

THE MEN OF DESTINY

Extra

CAPTAIN KID • TIGHTWAD TAD

DOPEY DANNY DEE

FABULOUS FACTS

and

'THE GREAT RHEAN WAR,'

A THUNDEROUS JON JARL

SHORT STORY



The following outstanding inspirations are gratefully acknowledged as their source by the words

A Fawcett Publication

**CAPTAIN MARVEL
ADVENTURES**

•
WHIS COMICS

•
CAPT. MARVEL, JR.

•
MASTER COMICS

•
THE MARVEL FAMILY

•
**CON WINDLOW
OF THE NAVY**

•
**FAWCETT'S
FUNNY ANIMALS**

•
TOM MIX WESTERN

•
BEZIE AND BARS

•
CAPT. MIDNIGHT

•
MARY MARVEL

•
**NYOKA
THE JUNGLE GIRL**

•
ROFALDINO CASSIOT

•
'WOW COMICS'

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. Fawcett, Jr.

PRESIDENT



ALL THE POWERS OF THE GREATEST MEN IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD HAVE BEEN GATHERED TOGETHER AND PLACED IN THE HANDS OF THE BOY REPORTER, BILLY BATSON.

WHEN HE PROCLAIMS THE NAME OF THE ANCIENT WIZARD, SHAZAN, HE BECOMES IN A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHTNING THE WORLD'S MOST MIGHTY MORTAL... CAPTAIN MARVEL!

WHEN EVIL IS DEFEATED AND JUSTICE AGAIN ESTABLISHED, CAPTAIN MARVEL REPEATS THE MAGIC WORD AND CHANGES BACK TO BILLY BATSON AGAIN! SO AMAZING IS THIS CHANGE THAT MOST PEOPLE NEVER REALIZE WHAT HAS HAPPENED!

July, 1938. Vol. 15, No. 25

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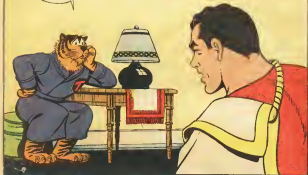
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MEMBER ARMY SERVICE OF CIRCULATION

CAPTAIN

MARVELand **MR. TAWNY'S
PROBLEM**

CAPTAIN MARVEL,
MY FRIEND, I WONDER
IF CIVILIZATION IS ALL
IT'S CRACKED UP
TO BE?



MANY PEOPLE HATE THE PEENISH
SOUND OF AN ALARM CLOCK IN THE
MORNING, AS IT SUMMONS THEM FROM A
WARM BED OF DREAMS TO THE
WORKDAY WORLD.



AND MR. TAWNY,
THE TALKING TIGER,
IS NO EXCEPTION!

DID YOU
SHUT UP! OH,
WHY DID I EVER
LEAVE THE JUNGLE
WHERE THERE ARE
NO ALARM
CLOCKS!





AND IN THE JUNGLE, I NEVER HAD TO WEAR THESE HORRIBLE STIFF CLOTHES!



NOT TO MENTION THESE JAW-ED BUSES! IN THE JUNGLE, I HAD PLENTY OF ELBOW ROOM!



AND AT HIS JOB, AS A LECTURE-GUIDE IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM...

AND THE DUMB QUESTIONS PEOPLE ASK!

MR. TAWNY? DO LIONS EAT GRASS?



NO MAMMA! LIONS JUST LOVE TO EAT LADIES LIKE YOU! AND TIGERS DO, TOO! FOR TWO CENTS....

EEK!



I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! I'VE JUST GOT TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL!



I NEED A VACATION, SIR! I'M JUST A BUNDLE OF NERVES!

WHY, CERTAINLY, MR. TAWNY! YOU DESERVE IT! TAKE A LEAVE OF ABSENCE!



BILLY BAYTON, BOY BROADCASTER OF STATION WHIZ, CALLED ON HIS JUNGLE FRIEND THAT NIGHT!

HELLO, MR. TAWNY! HOW'S ABOUT A HOME-- EH? WHY ARE YOU PACKING?

I'M TAKING A VACATION, BILLY! I'M OFF TO THE GOOD OLD JUNGLE!



TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, BILLY, I'M FED UP WITH CIVILIZATION / MAYBE I'LL STAY IN THE JUNGLE!

WHAT DON'T DO THAT, MR. DWYER / WHEN I HAVE FREE TIME, I'LL MEET YOU IN THE JUNGLE AND SEE THAT YOU COME BACK!



WEEK LATER, AT A CONCRETE PORT BEHINDING JUNGLE LAND...

WELL, HERE I AM / I'M ALL SET FOR MY JUNGLE TREK!



MANY OF MY OLD TIME ANIMAL FRIENDS LIVE IN THE GAME PRESERVE / I'LL LOOK UP, ROCKY THE PRIMO, TRUMPER THE ELEPHANT, AND BONGO THE GORILLA!

WELSH PRISONER IS WAITING THAT YOU HAVE LEFT PRESERVE



BUT LATER...

HEY, I DIDN'T FIND ROCKY OR BONGO AT ALL / AND NOW TRUMPER SHIT BEARS EITHER / THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE HE USUALLY SLEPT / WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY OLD PAL'S?



WAIT / DO I DETECT THE AIRSPEED AROUND HERE?



IT'S GOING TO FOLLOW THE TRAIL / OFF WITH MY CLOTHES!

BEYOND DANGER, MR. DWYER SHOWS HIS CIVILIZED MIND AND REVERTS TO HIS JUNGLE HABITS!



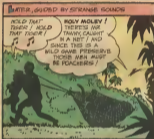
AHEAD, MEANWHILE... ARE TWO LAWLESS MEN, A BIG-GAME HUNTER... AND A TRAPPER!

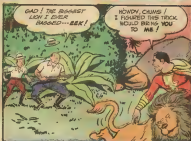
GAD! IT'S A CHANCE TO BAG WILD GAME IN THIS PRESERVE, DEAD OR ALIVE!

YOU SAID IT!











I'LL SIGNAL
TAWNY WITH
THIS GUN!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

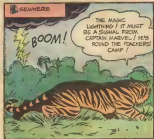


SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...

TAWNY DON'T HEAR IT!
HE MUST BE PRETTY FAR
OFF! HAY, I KNOW
SOMETHING HE CAN'T
HIT TO HEAR -
SHAZAM!



A
MIGHTY BLAST OF
MAGIC LIGHTNING
CRASHES DOWN
INTO THE JUNGLE!



SEWHERO

THE MAGIC
LIGHTNING! IT MUST
BE A SIGNAL FROM
CAPTAIN MARVEL! I'VE
FOUND THE POACHERS'
CAMP!

BOOM!



BUT BACK AT THE CAMP, THE MAGIC LIGHTNING
LAD, OF COURSE, CARRIED CAPTAIN MARVEL
BACK INTO BILLY BANSON'S

I WONDER IF MR. TAWNY
IS COMING?

???



ONE OF THE POACHERS HAS NOW COME TO HIS
GENEES AGAIN!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED
TO THAT BIG RED MEDDLER,
BUT THIS KID DON'T
BELONG AROUND
HERE!

THUD!

CRASH!



WE'LL
TURN HIM OVER
TO THE
GORILLA!

GRRRRR!



ADVENTURES OF "R.C." and QUICKIE



JOHN WAYNE SAYS

SURE AS SHOOTIN' R.C. TASTE BEST!

John Wayne took the good stuff with him when he packed Royal Crown Cola as the best-tasting brand. Try R.C. yourself! Get it full glass in rock big bottle.

See John Wayne starring in "Kiss of the Sea Devil" A Republic Picture

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 Made by R.C. Cola Co.



SOME MEMORY



Captain Tootsie TAMI TORNAO



CAPTAIN TOOTSIE ON THE SECRET MISSION WAS AN ARMY AIRFIELD IN THE SOUTHWEST!

WHY NOT TOOTSIE? LOOK AT ALL THOSE SWELL AIRY JET PLANES!

OH, YEAH? THIS IS SURELY CALLED TOOTSIE!

THESE ARE THE AIRY'S P-51 THUNDERBOLTS!



WELL, GOSH, THIS GREAT P-51 THUNDERBOLT IS A SPEEDY AS HONEY! WITH 400 HORSEPOWER AND 40,000 FEET PER HOUR, THE COCKPIT IS AIR CONDITIONED, AND ELECTRICALLY OPERATED TO PROVIDE AN IMMEDIATE EXIT!



ANOTHER GREAT THUNDERBOLT BY THE NAME OF TOOTSIE! THAT'S RIGHT! TOOTSIE!

CONTROL TOOTSIE'S PLANNED TOUGH AS THUNDER! HE'S GOING TO GETTA BASH!



THIS IS TORNAO CONTROL! YOU AIRBORNE WARRIORS ARE BEING TRACKED AND TRACKING AIRBORNE AIRBORNE! AND BY THE WAY, WE'VE GOT THE AIRBORNE ON THE AIRBORNE! YOU'VE GOTTA GETTA BASH!



WHY CAN'T A THUNDERBOLT SAY "TOOTSIE" AND "TOOTSIE" AND "TOOTSIE"?

OH, YEAH? SOUND THE ALARM! CALL ALL AIRBORNE... I'VE AN IDEA!

TOOTSIE!



HERE, MEN... WE'VE GOT LOTS OF ENERGY AND SOME TOOTSIE BOMBS AND TOOTSIE FUDGE, TAMI, DO THE TRICK!

YEAH! TOOTSIE FUDGE BOMBS! TOOTSIE BOMBS! JUST LIKE TOOTSIE BOMBS!



AND SOME PLANE'S, YEAH! WE'VE GOTTA GETTA BASH! WE'VE GOTTA GETTA BASH! WE'VE GOTTA GETTA BASH!

TOOTSIE!



TOOTSIE! TOOTSIE! TOOTSIE! TOOTSIE! TOOTSIE! TOOTSIE! TOOTSIE! TOOTSIE! TOOTSIE! TOOTSIE!



WELL, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE, YOU'VE GOT TO BE SURE THE THUNDERBOLT'S BOMBS AND TOOTSIE FUDGE!

TOOTSIE! TOOTSIE! TOOTSIE!



WE'VE GOTTA GETTA BASH! WE'VE GOTTA GETTA BASH! WE'VE GOTTA GETTA BASH!



THE TORNAO BOMBS ARE BEING TRACKED!

TOOTSIE!



WELL, GOSH! YOU'VE GOTTA GETTA BASH! WE'VE GOTTA GETTA BASH! WE'VE GOTTA GETTA BASH!

GOIN' IN ALL HAYES TAMI!

ANOTHER SOUND OF TOOTSIE FUDGE!

WELL, GOSH! WE'VE GOTTA GETTA BASH! WE'VE GOTTA GETTA BASH! WE'VE GOTTA GETTA BASH!

YOU SURE CAN'T GET TOOTSIE FUDGE?

HOOTIN' ZOOBS! THAT SWELL TOOTSIE FUDGE SURE SHOOTS JETS OF QUICK ENERGY TO YOUR MUSCLES. MAKES YOU WANT TO ZOOM LIKE A REGULAR THUNDERJET YOURSELF! TOOTSIE FUDGE IS SURE RICH 'N CREAMY - JUST GOSH-A-NIGHTY GOOD! COMES IN CHOCOLATE OR VANILLA FLAVORS. GET TOOTSIE FUDGE AT YOUR FAVORITE CANDY COUNTER TODAY!

Captain MARVEL

UNITES A SPLIT PERSONALITY

WHY HOLEY!
CAN THESE TWO MEN
BE ONE AND THE
SAME PERSON?



AT THE OFFICE OF WALTER WALKER,
BANK PRESIDENT....

FARM! EAST FOLDS,
TOO! YOU'VE
BEEN OVERWORKING
WALKER! YOU
NEED A LONG
REST!

DON'T MAKE
A MOUNTAIN OUT
OF A MOLEHILL,
DR. COANE! I
ONLY HAD A
DIZZY SPELL THIS
MORNING!



I'M A PSYCHIATRIST,
WALKER! I'M WARNING
YOU TO EASE UP,
OR YOU MAY HAVE
A MENTAL
CRACK-UP!



THE BANK'S RECEIVING HIS
NEXT CALLER, BILLY BAYSON, OF
STATION WHIZ!

HELLO, BILLY! DID STERLING
MORRIS SEND
YOU?

YES, MR.
WALKER! HE
WANTS YOU TO CHECK
OVER THE SUTTON
WHIZ ACCOUNTS!





WALTER

EVERYTHING IS IN ORDER, JOHNNY!
THE STATION PIZZ ACCOUNTS ARE
OKAY!

BUT SIR,
MY NAME IS BILLY, NOT JOHNNY / AND IT'S STATION WIRE, NOT PIZZ!



I GOT THE NARRS ALL TWISTED / WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME?

MAYBE YOU'D BETTER TAKE DR. CERNIS' ADVICE, SIR / A NICE LONG VACATION WOULD DO WONDERS!



NO, I'M TOO BUSY! WELL, GOOD-BY, TOMMY!

???

TOMMY?



THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE BANKER REACHES HIS APARTMENT

I'VE GOT TO GET THIS WORK DONE! MY MIND IS SO FUZZY / GOT TO CONCENTRATE / GOT TO



SUDDENLY, A BLANK STARE COMES OVER THE BARRARD FACE!

WH-WHERE AM I? WHAT AM I DOING? I CAN'T REMEMBER A THING / I I DON'T EVEN KNOW MY NAME!



BAN! WHAT'S ALL THIS JUNK! GET OUTTA HERE!



COMPLETE CHANGE COMES OVER WALTER WALKER, THE BANKER!

NOW I KNOW WHO I AM! I'M REILWAY, A GENERAL! I'M A MASTER THIEF, THAT'S WHAT I AM! HAHHAH!

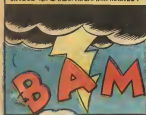
A LITTLE LATER, ON HIS WAY HOME FROM
BAYTON BRICK, BILLY BATSON AGAIN
KNOCKED THE BANK, AND...



HOLY MOLEY! THE NIGHTWATCHMAN IS
KNOCKED OUT! A BURGLAR MUST
BE IN THE BANK!
SHAZAM!



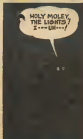
BILLY HAS UTTERED THE MAGIC NAME,
WHICH, WITH A BOLT OF MAGIC LIGHTNING,
CHANGES HIM TO MIGHTY... CAPTAIN MARVEL!



BAH! YOU WON'T
HAB ME, MISELAW!
I'LL SLIP BARK IN
THE CRACK!



HOLY MOLEY,
THE LIGHTS?
2---00---



DOGSBONE! GOT AWAY! HE SEEMED TO KNOW HIS WAY THROUGH THE BANK AS IF HE LIVED THERE, WHILE I BUNGLED INTO EVERYTHING!



HEY! I BET IT WAS AN INSIDE JOB! HIS FACE SEEMED STRANGELY FAMILIAR!



IM ALL RIGHT NOW CAPTAIN MARVEL!

GOOD! I'LL GO AND REPORT TO WALTER WALKER THAT HIS BANK WAS ROBBED!



LITTLE DOING CAPTAIN MARVEL SUSPECT THE STRANGING TRUTH / AND REARWHEELS ...

WALKER! I PULLED A BRILLIANT ROBBERY! I'LL HOLD THE LOOT HERE! MR. DOGSLAW WILL MAKE A NAME AS A MASTER CRIMINAL!



SUDDENLY...

MY HEAD... ACHES... I... WHO AM I? MY MIND IS A BLANK!



BR-RING!

HOW SILLY! I'M WALTER WALKER, THE BANKER! HIS WHO MIGHT HAVE BLOWN THESE PAPERS ON THE FLOOR. OH? THE DOORBELL! COME IN!



MR. WALKER! YOUR BANK WAS JUST ROBBED! I FEAR IT WAS AN INSIDE JOB AND... AND HOLY HOLY!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? GO ON!



JUST AFTER CAPTAIN MARVEL LEAVES....

THAT BING! MR. REKLAU, THE BOMBER, WOULD
IT, TOO? AND THAT EXPLAINS WHY THE BOMBER
KNEW THE COMBINATION OF THAT SAFE! BECAUSE
WALKER AND REKLAU ARE ONE AND THE
SAME PERSON!
HOLY MOLLY!



**CAPTAIN MARVEL TAKES THE STRANGE STORY TO
DR. CRAM, THE PSYCHIATRIST!**

... AND THAT'S THE STORY,
DOCTOR! BUT WHAT'S
THE EXPLANATION?

I KNOW IT! I KNOW IT!
DUE TO OVERSTRAIN,
WALKER HAS BECOME
SCHIZOPHRENIC!



THERE'S A SPLITTER TERM ---
A SPLIT PERSONALITY! HE
OVERWORKED AND HAS SPLIT
INTO TWO SEPARATE STATICS!
FIRST, WALKER, THE
BOMBER! SECOND,
REKLAU, THE
CROOK!



BUT IF HE'S TOLD THAT HE
PLAYED THE PART OF
REKLAU, THE CROOK
MIGHT MAKE WALKER GO
INSANE! SOMEBODY, HIS
SPLIT PERSONALITY OF
REKLAU MUST BE
DRIVEN AWAY!

HAH! I SEE
WHAT YOU
MEAN!



I'VE AN IDEA!
SUPPOSE WE.....
800-800.....

HAH!
IT MIGHT
WORK AT
THAT!



THE NEXT NIGHT...

I'LL ROB THE
BANK AGAIN!

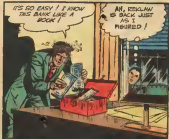
I KNOW WHERE ALL BONDS AND
SECURITIES ARE KEPT!

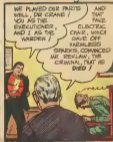
HANN!



IT'S SO EASY! I KNOW
THIS BANK LIKE A
BOOK!

AH, REKLAU
IS BACK JUST
AS I
FIGURED!







ANY MOMENT NOW, WALTER WALKER'S PERSONALITY WILL AWAKEN, AND...

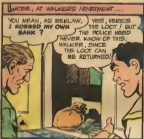
HUH? WHAT IS ALL THIS?

HELLO, MR. WALKER!



WE CAN TELL YOU THE TRUTH NOW, WALKER! MR. REKLAW, THIRTIETH, WAS YOU! A PART OF YOU! SPLIT PERSONALITY! BUT WE DELICED HIM INTO THINKING HE WAS EXECUTED!

AND MR. REKLAW, BEING DEAD, WILL NEVER COME BACK TO BOTHER YOU AGAIN!



LATER, AT WALKER'S APARTMENT....

YOU MEAN, AS REKLAW, I ROBBED MY OWN BANK?

YES, REKLES, THE LOOT / BUT THE POLICE NEED

NEVER KNOW OF THIS, WALKER, SINCE THE LOOT CAN BE RETURNED!



OF COURSE, THE NIGHT WALKER WAGNT DEAD EITHER! THAT WAS JUST PART OF CAPTAIN MARVEL'S PLAN TO CURE WALTER WALKER OF HIS SPLIT PERSONALITY! HOWEVER, WALKER TOOK HIS DOCTOR'S ADVICE AND WENT ON A LONG VACATION! THAT WAS WHAT HE SHOULD IN THE FIRST PLACE!



FOR WALKER

COMIX CARDS appear every month in

Captain Marvel

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF

BOB REKLAW

in **REKLAW**

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SINGAPORE 348

THE CASE OF THE KILLER CAT?

AND NOW WATCH "OLD THE GREAT" DEFEY THE KING OF BEASTS... SEE HIM DELIBERATELY TURN HIS BACK WHILE HE CASUALLY GROOMS HIS HAIR.

HUMAN! I THOUGHT THIS WILDROOT CREAM-OIL BOTTLE WAS ALMOST EMPTY THIS MORNING!

Adventures of SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO! "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS) station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

WITH HIS BACK TO THE LIONS... ORLO FAILS TO SEE... THEIR BECOMING UNEASY... THEN...



LATER! THE POLICE SAY ORLO'S DEATH WAS ACCIDENTAL... BUT MRS. ORLO HAS CALLED SAM SPADE TO INVESTIGATE FURTHER.

WHAT WAS THIS BOTTLE OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL DONE IN THE CASE, MRS. ORLO?

IT WAS PART OF ORLO'S ACT, MR. SPADE, BUT WAIT—THIS BOTTLE'S ALMOST FULL! IT WAS ALMOST EMPTY THIS MORNING!



THAT DOESN'T SMELL LIKE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, SAM!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SWEETHEART! BUT SOMEBODY PUT SOMETHING IN THIS BOTTLE TO GET THOSE CATS EXCITED!

I KNOW WHAT'S IN THIS BOTTLE—CATNIP! ONE GOOD WHIFF WILL PUT A LION IN A FRENZY. THOSE CATS ATTACKED ORLO TO GET THIS BOTTLE.



SAM, THAT MAN IS TRYING TO OPEN THAT CAGE BEHIND YOU.

TAKE IT FROM SAM SPADE—IF YOU WANT TO REALLY LOOK YOUR BEST, USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL ON YOUR HAIR... IT GIVES YOUR HAIR... THAT HEALTHY WELL-GROOMED LOOK... GET IT TODAY, IN BOTTLES AND HANDY NEW TUBES.



OH, NO YOU DON'T!

WHY IT'S THE LION TAKER THAT MADE THE ACT BEFORE THEY ARRESTED ORLO!

...PROBABLY FIGURED HE'D GET HIS OLD JOB BACK BY GETTING LED TO KILL YOUR HUSBAND, GALL. THE POLICE ERRE... THEY'LL GET A CONFESSION OUT OF HIM!





DILUTED BRAIN



HEY, DANNY, WHAT DO YOU HAVE TODAY?

MY FAVORITE, A RASPBERRY SODA WITH A DASH OF LEMON AND LIME.



HERE YOU ARE!

OH, BOY! OH, BOY!



HEY, DANNY, HOW COME YOU ALWAYS CLOSE YOUR EYES WHEN YOU DRINK A SODA?



I LOSE MY EYES BECAUSE THE SMELL OF A DELICIOUS SODA ALWAYS MAKES MY MOUTH WATER...



...AND I DON'T WANT TO DILUTE IT!



'SWEET DREAMS'



OH, TIGHTWAD?

WHAT ARE YOU SO HAPPY ABOUT?

I JUST HAD A WONDERFUL DREAM...

PPP



...I DREAMED YOU BOUGHT ME A FUR COAT?

(GULP!) SHE'S PROBABLY HINTING FOR ME TO REALLY BUY HER ONE.

YOU KNOW, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A FUR COAT.

REALLY? WELL, THE NEXT TIME YOU DREAM ABOUT THE FUR COAT--

...WEAR IT WELL!



3 IN 1 AIR PISTOL

Rush Your Order

FUN for YOU Summer & Winter—Indoors & Outdoors

\$3.49
3 for \$9.50

Sensational Value!

Sorry, No C.O.D.'s At These Cash Prices

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3000 Pellets, 3000 Steel Darts

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SHOOTS REGULAR BB's Hard Hitting Pellets & Steel Darts

SPORTSMAN JR. AIR PISTOL

IT SHOOTS ALL THREE—regular BB's, metal pellets & steel darts. It has a great variety of uses from target work to hunting. The darts can be used over and over again. Accurate in water, strong in wind, even partially submerged. Ruggedly Built, Full Size Gun, Modeled After Famous Target Pistol. It boasts 18 holes and a wonder in performance. The best single action compressor chamber. Single shot loading and cocking—no pull of the trigger and no waste in shot. No pump—just pull down. First of compressors from the large air cylinder and direct action. COCKED AND LOADED. (The only one that will give you more and more of it.)

REGULAR BB'S—3000
METAL PELLETS
STEEL DARTS

REGULAR BB'S—3000
METAL PELLETS
STEEL DARTS

REGULAR BB'S—3000
METAL PELLETS
STEEL DARTS

SPORTSMAN JR. 3-1/2" AIR PISTOL, ONLY \$3.49 (3 FOR \$9.50) 3 or 5000

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these Popular Patriotic and Religious Posters

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 50 of these beautiful glittering posters which are making like a hot cake. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 50c each. At the end of 14 days send back to us if you wish, all posters you have not sold, and send us only 50c for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

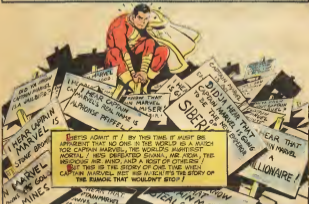
REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risk. You get return of all the posters you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or any other expenses. We keep all the profit on each sale.

IF YOU SELL 20, YOU KEEP \$2.50
IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.50
IF YOU SELL 40, YOU KEEP \$4.50

WRITE FOR COMPLETE DETAILS TO

Captain MARVEL

AND THE RUMOR THAT WOULDN'T STOP



LET'S ADMIT IT! BY THIS TIME IT MUST BE APPARENT THAT NO ONE IN THE WORLD IS A MATCH FOR CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL! HE'S DEFEATED SHANA, MR. AOM, THE INSIDIOUS MR. WIND, AND A HOST OF OTHERS!

BUT THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE TIME WHEN CAPTAIN MARVEL MET HIS MATCH! IT'S THE STORY OF THE RUMOR THAT WOULDN'T STOP!

THE RUMOR BEGAN ONE DAY WHEN CAPTAIN MARVEL WAS TAKING A STROLL.....

SWAM! MY UNIFORM IS STARTING TO LOOK WASHED OUT! IT COULD USE A LITTLE TOUCHING UP!



THIS PLACE SOUNDS PRETTY HIGH TONED! BUT I GUESS ONE TAILOR IS AS GOOD AS ANOTHER!





WELL, MY GOODNESS / IF IT
BIRT CAPTAIN MARVEL!
I'D
LIKE MY UNIFORM
BRIGHTENED UP A LITTLE /
MAYBE A SIMPLE DRY
CLEANING WOULD
DO IT!



OH, FURISH BORMID / PER-ISH FOR-BID /
I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU NEED,
CAPTAIN MARVEL / I'LL MAKE
BUT- BUT I DON'T
WANT ANYTHING
SPECIAL / YOU LOOK POSITIVELY
DAZZLING!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

THERE! YOU
LOOK MUCH
BETTER, MUCH
BETTER!

GULP! I FEEL
LIT UP LIKE AN
ELECTRIC
BULB!



WASNT THAT CAPTAIN
MARVEL? WHAT
WAS HE DOING
HERE?

OH, HE'S ONE OF MY
REGULAR CUSTOMERS!
YES, INDEED / THE
TIME HE WANTED HIS UNIFORM
COMPLETELY MADE OVER / I
USED REAL SILT IN THE
DECORATION!

THE TAILOR TELLS THE
STORY TO A PASSING MAN



THAT BIRT THE MAN
TELLS HIS WIFE

... AND HE TOLD ME
THAT HE USED
REAL GOLD IN
CAPTAIN MARVEL'S
UNIFORM!

WARRE THAT!
I CANT WAIT TO
TELL EMBL!



THE STORY GROWS, AND...

DID YOU HEAR, EMBL? /
CAPTAIN MARVEL'S
CLOTHES ARE ALL
MADE OUT OF GENUINE
GOLD / THE GOLD IS
IMPORTED ESPECIALLY
FROM A MINE THAT
HE OWNS IN
AFRICA!

GASP!
I NEVER KNEW
HE OWNED GOLD
MINES!



LATER, AS CAPTAIN MARVEL IS PASSING
THROUGH A POOR SECTION OF TOWN

PEOPLE LIKE ME ARE STARVING
WHILE YOU PARADE AROUND IN
YOUR FINE CLOTHES / I
HOPE THEY TAKE MANY
YOUR GOLD MINES!

**GOLD
MINES?**

YOUR TRY IS COVING / NO ONE MAN SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO OWN ALL THE GOLD IN THE WORLD!

THE MAN'S ABSOLUTELY RIGHT!

BUT-BUT



DOWN WITH THE EXPLOITER!

?

CAPTAIN MARVEL'S A NISSE!



NOY MOLEY! THESE PEOPLE WONT LISTEN TO REASON!

GET HIM!



IN A REPORTER FOR THE STAR / WAGNT THAT CAPTAIN MARVEL I SAW RUNNING AWAY? WHAT WAS THE TROUBLE?

EVERYBODY KNOWS HOW RICH HE IS / HE REFUSED TO GIVE A CORSE OF BREAD TO A POOR, STARVING MAN!



WHAT A STORY / HEARTLESS MILLIONAIRE REFUSES TO AID CHARITY / CAPTAIN MARVEL HOARDING HIS WEALTH!

THE STORY, NOW GROWN TO WILD PROPORTIONS, HITS THE PAPERS!

Ulp! IT'S CAPTAIN MARVEL / HE LOOKS MAD!

I AM MAD / I JUST READ THAT RIDICULOUS STORY YOUR PAPER PRINTED ABOUT ME!

DAISE STAR
RIOTERS DENOUNCE
CAPTAIN MARVEL
POOR CRY IN VAIN FOR FOOD
CAPT. MARVEL HOARDS \$36





I'M NOT HOARDING ANY
ROCKETS ! AND I NEVER
REFUSED TO HELP THE
POOR ! I'M WILLING TO
SHARE EVERYTHING I
OWN WITH THEM !

I-I PRINTED
THE STORY THE WAY IT
WAS WRITTEN, CAPTAIN
MARVEL ! I'LL ADMIT
IT DID SOUND A LITTLE
FRIVOL TO ME !



BUT WE'LL
PRINT A
REFRACTION !
I'M SORRY IT
HAPPENED !

I DUBBEG
IT
COULDN'T
BE
HELPT !
BUT TRY
NOT TO MAKE
THAT KIND OF
MISTAKE
AGAIN !



LATER, WITH CAPTAIN MARVEL
RETURNING TO HIS APARTMENT.

HOLY MOLEY ! WHAT'S HAPPENED
HERE ? LOOKS AS IF AN
EARTHQUAKE HAD STRUCK !



KEEP ON LOOKING,
FELLOWS ! DON'T
ABANDON ME !

WUP ! IT'S
CAPTAIN MARVEL !



AND HE LOOKS MAD !
LET'S BEAT IT !

DON'T
BIE IN A
HURRY !



YOU BORGHO TO
TEAR UP THE RUG
MAYBE WHAT YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR IS
UNDER THERE !

WE-WE
DIDN'T MEAN
ANY
H-HARM !

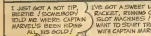


WE WAS JUST READING
ABOUT YOU IN THE
LATEST EDITION OF
THE NEWSPAPER !

LET
ME
SEE
IT !



MEANWHILE, IN THE SECRET HEADQUARTERS OF BONAZZA BERDE...



LATER, AS BILLY BATSON AND MR. MORRIS ARE LEAVING GUYSON WHIZ...





WHEN BILLY BATSON JAWKERS HE FINDS HIMSELF IN THE BASEMENT WALKING BELOW STATION WIRE...

YOU-YOU WOULDN'T DARE!

ARE YOU GONNA TELL US THE CONSPIRACY TO THOSE WALKS? OR DO WE SLICE UP BILLY BATSON FOR HAMBURGER?



HE THINKS WE'RE BLUFFING! SHOW HIM WE MEAN BUSINESS! AND TAKE THE KID'S SHIRT OFF SO WE CAN HEAR HIM YELL!

N-NO DON'T!



OWWWW! SHIZAM!

WHEN BILLY BATSON SPEAKS THE NAME OF THE SOURCE OF SHIZAM, HE IS INSPIRED BY A CRASH OF MAGIC LIGHTNING THAT CHANGES HIM INTO CAPTAIN MARVEL!



YIPPI!

DID I EVER TELL YOU WHAT I THINK OF GROWN MEN WHO TORRENT INNOCENT BOYS?



THIS IS WHAT I THINK!



C-CAPTAIN M-MARVEL! I-I DON'T WANT YOUR EIGHTY-M-MILLION D-DOLLARS! M-MONEY!

BULLETS JUST BOUNCE OFF THE MIGHTY CAPTAIN MARVEL'S CHEST!



I HAVEN'T GOT EIGHTY MILLION DOLLARS!



BONANZA BERTIE'S TRYING TO ESCAPE!



YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT THE SLOT MACHINE BAGGET, BERTIE!

NOW HE GIVES ME ADVICE!



THIS IS TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T FORGET MY ADVICE! NOT THAT YOU'LL GET MUCH CHANGE, SINCE YOU'RE GOING!

GLBBBBB!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

EVERY NEWSPAPER WILL REPORT THE CAPTURE OF BONANZA BERTIE. I'LL MAKE SURE EVERY ACCOUNT MENTIONS THE FACT THAT THERE ISN'T ANY GOLD HOARD! THAT WILL SMOULDER THE RUMOR!

THANKS, CHIEF!



MY SWEATER GOT PRETTY DIRTY DURING THAT SCUFFLE WITH BONANZA BERTIE. I'LL DO IT HERE AND HAVE IT COPE CLEANED!

YEAH! THAT'S CAPTAIN MARVEL! I HEAR HE LOST EVERY CENT!

NO!



HE HAD OVER A BILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD! NOW HE'S SO POOR HE CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY A NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES! HAD TO GET HIS OLD SUIT REPAIRED!

IMAGINE THAT! JUST WAIT UNTIL I TELL MY WIFE!

FOR TO TELL THE TRUTH, THE ONLY OPINION THAT NO MAN CAN MASTER IS OLD DAME RUMOR!

SOMETHING IMPORTANT THAT YOU SHOULD KNOW . . . THE WINNING SECRET OF "BROAD-JUMP JOE"



For extra speed, for winning fans, in jumping, or any activity, wear **BALL-BAND ARCH-GARDS**. The ARCH-GARD molded sponge rubber insoles fit your feet, give firm, but gentle support. The **BALL-BAND STABILISER** that covers the ARCH-GARD insole resists sweat and dirt, stays smooth, fresh, clean, comfortable. Go to the store where you see the Red Ball trademark. Get a pair of **BALL-BAND ARCH-GARDS**—and have more fun.

ARCH-GARD GUARDS YOUR FEET AT 3 VITAL POINTS



At the ball of foot and heel, heel cushioning gives you a more comfortable ride.

At more sensitive, tender arches, ARCH-GARD gives you extra support.

At the heel, ARCH-GARD cushions the heel and absorbs the shock of landing and gives you the feel of a soft bed.



Look for the Red Ball in the Store and on the Sole of the Shoe

Ball-Band

WILKINSON RUBBER & MACHINERY CO. INC.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



CAPTAIN KID

in
THREE SHOTS FOR A DIME!

OKAY! WHO'S GOING TO BE NEXT TO HIT THE BULLS-EYE THREE TIMES IN A ROW AND WIN A BIG PRIZE!

I'LL TAKE THREE SHOTS, MISTER!



I BET YOU CAN'T HIT THE SIDE OF A BARN, PUDDY!

YEAH? JUST WATCH ME, CAPTAIN KID!



HA! HA! SOME SHOT! YOU MISSED BY A MILE!



BANG

WHAT ABOUT THESE TWO BULLS-EYES? TWO OUT OF THREE IS A GOOD SCORE!







THE GREAT RHEAN WAR

A Jon Jarl Adventure

By Eando Binder

THE headlines of Earth's newspapers carried the amazing news—**WAR ON RHEA!**

It was amazing because it was the first war known to occur in the Solar System in two long centuries. War had been outlawed by interplanetary agreement way back in 2073 A.D. And with a powerful interplanetary police force patrolling the spaceways, no race or planet had dared carry on a war.

But now Rhea was defying the law, indulging in war! Rhea was a satellite of Saturn, some 1500 miles in diameter. A small world, therefore a small war, but definitely a breach of the anti-war laws.

Of the many interplanetary police who roamed the void, keeping law and order, Lieutenant Jon Jarl was closest to Rhea at the time war was declared there. An urgent message came to him from Headquarters.

"Astronomers reported seeing explosions on Rhea. High magnification revealed two armies battling. The two races of Rhea are at war. Land there and arrest the two leaders for breaking the peace."

Jon almost had to laugh as he set a course for Rhea. It was known that the little worldlet, a wild and harsh place, had a total population of about 4000, divided between two native races of people. A war between two "nations" of 2000 each! It would be more like stopping two gangs of men from fighting.

But as Jon drew near the tiny world, he saw gigantic flashes of light below. They couldn't have atomic bombs, for only big worlds could make them, but they must have devised some powerful bombs and guns. And as Jon trained his binoculars down, he was startled to see two vast armies battling. Encased in some sort of shining armor, it looked as if perhaps a million soldiers were fighting.

Jon was both puzzled and alarmed. This was bigger than he thought. This could not be native Rhean armies, in such numbers. Therefore, some other world had sent its fighting men. Was that the answer?

By map, Jon located the main city of the Rhean Green People. It was a small but quite modern city.

As Jon came down for a landing, a watchful rocket ship sped to him, flashing

the red signal, meaning—**HALT!**

Jon snapped on his radio, and spoke commandingly. "Let me through. Can't you see this is a Space Patrol ship? Let me through."

An apologetic reply came from the other ship. "Sorry! Thought you were an enemy. Please go on."

The Space Patrol was respected all through the Solar System.

Jon landed at the main spaceport and was soon ushered before the head of the Green People, known as Leader Grox. He was a tall thin creature, quite similar to an Earthman, except that he had bright green skin and long green hair.

"What is the meaning of this?" Jon began sharply. "You are carrying on war with the other native race of your world, the Blue People. You know the penalties, according to Interplanetary Law. I have to arrest you. Also the leader of the Blue People. And the war must be halted immediately. If you have any differences, they must be carried before the Interplanetary Court of Appeals."

"I know all that," returned Leader Grox.

Jon was nettled. "What's more, you have apparently drawn in the support of some other world, probably Jupiter, to build up a huge army. That is an even worse crime—"

"Wait," said Grox, lifting a hand. "We have not brought in the soldiers of any other world."

JON stared. "Then where did you and the Blue People get so many fighting men? According to the last census, you'd both be lucky to put an army of 1000 men on the field. And I saw more than a million battling!"

Grox shook his head. "This will be hard to explain—" He broke off and then said calmly. "But you can't arrest me."

Jon was really angry now. "You defy the Space Patrol? And the anti-war laws? Article Three, Section 27, Clause Five, of the Proclamation of Peace says that any planet, nation, race, or group which fires upon any other such group, with intent of war, is guilty."

"Yes," Grox returned easily. "But Section 42 states that war shall be defined to

exist only when a warring group has caused one or more deaths."

"Well!" snapped Jon. "By now you've killed plenty of the Blue People, if your war has been going on for a week or more."

Green spoke gently. "We have not killed one soul of the Blue People. And they have not killed one of us!"

At this point, Jon was utterly confused. "You're carrying on a war involving a million men, and there hasn't been one casualty? It's impossible!"

TO answer, Green turned and tuned a television screen. "This television screen will pick up a scene directly at the heart of the battle," he said. And Jon saw the scene of two armies struggling. Men in shiny green armor were attacking a position held by men in shiny blue armor. The men in blue wheeled up a huge gun and fired. The men in green were blown to bits.

"I've just seen a hundred of your men destroyed," said Jon, shaken. "War is a hideous thing. That's why it was outlawed. And yet you try to tell me there are no casualties."

But Green was tuning his television carefully till it showed several of the green soldiers in closeup. "Look!" he said. "Look closely at these warriors of ours."

Jon looked—and gasped. They were not men wearing shining armor. They were . . .

"Robots!" breathed Jon. "Made out of wires and wheels. You mean your whole army, and that of the Blue People, is composed of robots?"

Green nodded. "We have not put one living soldier in the battle at all. We are fighting this war with our robots."

"But why?" Jon was bewildered. "What's the sense and meaning of it all?"

"Let me explain," said Leader Green. "Some time ago, there was trouble between the Green People and the Blue People. The Blue People sent hunters to our forests and illegally shot our animals. In retaliation, we hunted animals in their territory. Soon we were angry enough to make war on each other. But we realized we could not carry on war, without breaking the Interplanetary Law. So we agreed to build robots and fight a proxy war. Each of us would use our factories to turn out robots as fast as we could, and pit them against each other. Whichever side won the war with its robots would have defeated the other side. Yet without one life being lost! You see, we couldn't afford to lose lives anyway. Our races are so small, only 2000 each, that each life to us is highly important."

Jon was amazed. "A war between robots!

It's almost like a football game, sending two teams of powerful bruisers against each other, to see who wins." Jon grinned.

Green led the way to another room in which a dozen Green Men sat at complicated control boards with flashing pilot lights and many switches and dials.

"These are my generals," explained Green. "Each of them handles his army of robots by remote control. It's a game of wits, you see. The Blue Generals are doing the same thing, back home in their city."

One Green general turned with disgusted face, as a red light flashed on his board. "Blame it all!" he grunted. "Just lost 200 men on the Right Sector!" Then he shrugged. "Oh well, they're only robots, not men. The factory will give me 200 more tomorrow to throw into the battle."

Green turned smilingly to Jon. "So you see, Lieutenant, there has not been one living casualty. Therefore, according to your own anti-war law, this is not a war at all!"

Jon had to laugh. "It's a good joke on me, and on the Space Patrol. But you're right. I can't arrest you at all." His face went stern. "But remember, Leader Green, if one man dies through this, it will be war! Play your game, but don't risk lives."

"The war will be over soon," Green nodded. "After all, our factories cannot turn out robots forever, at such a furious rate. I hate to say it, but I think . . ."

At that moment, an attendant called Green to his television screen. In the screen shone the frowning face of the leader of the Blue People. "Green," he barked. "I think our war of robots has reached a stalemate. Shall we call it a draw?"

"Agreed!" returned Green. "We will cease hostilities in five minutes. And look—how about you and your generals coming over for a big celebration tonight?"

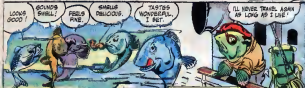
Green invited Jon, too. But Jon was sorry he stayed. All he heard, for endless hours, was a constant argument between the Green and Blue generals, as to which had won which individual battle most cleverly with his robot soldiers.

WHEN Jon left, he couldn't decide whether the Ebeans had been silly fools to carry on their ridiculous war-game. Or whether they had been wise beyond telling in carrying out their war without risking a single life.

THE END

There will be another startling adventure with **JON JARL** in the future in next month's **CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES!**

FABULOUS FACTS ABOUT FISH



LOOKS GOOD!

SOUNDS SWELL!

FEELS FINE.

SMELLS DELICIOUS.

TASTES WONDERFUL. I GET.

I'LL NEVER TRAVEL AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE!

SOME FISH CAN HEAR, FEEL, SEE, SMELL, AND TASTE.

ROCK FISH GET BRACKISH. AMERICA TRANSFER OF CAHOCK NISH BEING TRANSPORTED IN A CONTAINER OF WATER.



STICK YOUR NOSE IN HOLES I DARE YOU.

HELP! I'M DROWNING!

SOME FISH LIKE THE LUNG FISH OR ELECTRIC EEL, MUST COME TO THE SURFACE FOR AIR OR THEY WILL DROWN.

AN ELECTRIC EEL, GIVES OFF A SHOCK GREAT ENOUGH TO KNOCK DOWN A HORSE.



FISH REST AND GO ON TO SLEEP. GIVE ARE NOT SURE BECAUSE THEY HAVE NO EYELIDS.



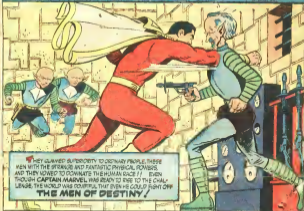
WELL OVER TO THE SARGASSO.

SPEED LIMIT 100 FEET PER HOUR.

NO ONE KNOWS THE SPEED OF THE FASTEST FISH, BUT IT IS SAID THAT A TUNA CAN SWIM 50 MILES AN HOUR!

Captain MARVEL

AND THE MEN OF DESTINY



THEY CLAWED SUPERBILITY TO ORDINARY PEOPLE, THESE MEN WITH THE STRONG AND FANTASTIC PHYSICAL POWERS, AND THEY MOVED TO DOMINATE THE HUMAN RACE!! EVEN THOUGH CAPTAIN MARVEL WAS READY TO RISE TO THE CHALLENGE, THE WORLD WAS DOUBTFUL THAT EVEN HE COULD FIGHT OFF **THE MEN OF DESTINY!**

ONE DAY, AS BILLY BATSON IS FINISHING HIS BROADCAST...

THAT'S ALL UNTIL TOMORROW!
GO LONG, FOLKS!

BILLY BATSON!
HELP!

I ESCAPED! BUT THEY'RE AFTER ME! YOU GOT TO GO TO ASK CAPTAIN MARVEL TO PROTECT ME! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN!

I HAVEN'T THE REMOTEST IDEA
WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT!



I'LL TELL YOU...AS SHARPLY AS I CAN / HA-NA-NA / BUT YOU CAN'T PROTECT ME FROM THEM BY LOCKED DOORS!

WE'RE ALONE IN HERE / I'LL LISTEN TO YOUR STORY WITHOUT INTERRUPTION!



MY NAME IS JOHN ELDER / I'M AN AVIATOR --- AND IT HAPPENED WHEN I WAS MAKING A DESTINY FLIGHT ACROSS AN OPEN SWATH OF THE PACIFIC / SUDDENLY MY MOTOR COULDED OUT...



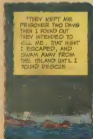
I THOUGHT I WAS COMING DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF AN OCEAN. BUT SODDABLY, WHEN I WAS ONLY A HUNDRED FEET ABOVE IT, I SAW THE ISLAND...



THE MOMENT I LANDED, THE RICH OF DESTINY SURROUNDED ME. I NEVER SAW MEN LIKE THEM BEFORE, AND THEY WERE NOT PLEASED TO SEE ME.



THEY KEPT ME PRISONER TWO DAYS THEN I FOUND OUT THEY INTENDED TO KILL ME. THAT NIGHT I ESCAPED, AND SWAM AWAY FROM THE ISLAND UNTIL I FOUND PEOPLE.



BUT I'D SEEN AND HEARD THINGS TO MAKE MY BLOOD RUN COLD / THESE MEN OF DESTINY ARE ORGANIZING TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD / THEY CLAIM TO BE SUPERIOR TO ORDINARY HUMANS!



A PRETTY TANGFUL TALE, ELDER!

HAVE YOU ANY EVIDENCE TO SUPPORT YOUR STORY?

IT'S TRUE, I SWEAR! / TWO OF THEM ARE AFTER ME NOW! / THEY CAN WALK THROUGH WALLS, AND ...





NONSENSE! YOUR NERVES ARE OVERWROUGHT!

EHAHAHA!
NEVER MIND
NOW!



HOLY MOLY!
HOW DID THEY
GET IN HERE?
SNAZAM!



THE MAGIC WORD,
SNAZAM, BRINGS
DOWN CRASHING
LIGHTNING THAT CHANGES
BILLY BATESON INTO
CAPTAIN MARVEL!

BOOM



PERHAPS THERE'S MORE
TRUTH IN BLOOMER'S
STORY THAN BILLY
SUSPECTED!

OUT OF THE
WAY, HEROIC
MORAL!



IT IS USELESS TO
ATTACK US!

HOLY
MOLY!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW
I MISSED HIM! BUT I WON'T
MISS THIS TIME!



I KNEW IT!
EVEN CAPTAIN MARVEL CAN'T
STOP THEM! I MUST
GET AWAY!

OOOF!



GULP! I CAN'T GET
ANY KIND OF HOLD
ON HIM!



YOU'LL BE SAFE WITH MY FRIEND,
SERAM THE HERMIT, UNTIL
I RETURN!

GOOD
LUCK, CAPTAIN
MARVEL!

FLY OUT OVER THE PACIFIC
CAPTAIN MARVEL RANGES
WITH THE SPEED OF A
ROCKET.

THIS IS THE
SPOT JOHN ELDER DESCRIBED!
BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF AN
ISLAND... CAN HE BE MIS-
TAKEN?

WAIT! HE SAID HE DIDN'T SEE
THE ISLAND UNTIL HE WAS
ONLY A HUNDRED FEET ABOVE
IT! ALL DESCEND TO THE
SAME ALTITUDE!

HOLY MOLLY! JOHN
ELDER WAS RIGHT!
BEHOLD THE ISLAND!
IT WAS RIGHT
UNDERNEATH ME
ALL THE TIME!

THESE MIRRORS ARE THE
ANSWER! THEY'RE PLACED
AT STRATEGIC SPOTS SO
THEIR COMBINED REFLECTIONS
HIDE THE ISLAND
FROM VIEW!

WOW! THIS IS INTERESTING! LOOKS TO
ME LIKE THE BUSTED OUTER SHELL
OF A ROCKET SHIP!

ANCHOR!
INTERLOCK!
SERVE
WOM!

WELL! YOU FOLLOWERS
FEEL SQUID ENOUGH
NOW!



UNP! BUT MY FIST GOES RIGHT THROUGH YOU!



THERE'S SOMETHING UNUSUAL ABOUT ALL THIS! YOU CAN TOUCH ME, BUT I CAN'T TOUCH YOU!

MERELY ONE OF OUR MANY SPECIAL POWERS!



THERE'S STILL ONE WAY TO GET RID OF YOU!

YIP!!!



SHALL WE ATTACK AGAIN, O LEADER?

A STORM GATHERS! TAKE SHELTER IN THE FORTRESS!



THEY'RE RACING AWAY!

I UNDERSTAND THE SECRET OF THEIR REMARKABLE POWERS! THEY HAVE COMPLETE CONTROL OVER THEIR BODY ATOMS! BY DEFORMING THEIR ATOMS WHILY THEY CAN PASS THROUGH SOLID SUBSTANCES! OR VANDS COMPLETELY AND REASSEMBLE THEIR ATOMS ELSEWHERE...



THEY'RE A HIGHLY ADVANCED SORT OF MAN! BUT THAT ONLY MAKES THEM MORE DANGEROUS! I MUST FIND THE FORTRESS WHERE THEY'RE HIDING!



BUT WHAT WILL I DO WHEN I GET THERE? ALL MY STRENGTH CAN'T HURT THEM AT ALL!



WE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME! IT IS STORMING HEAVILY OUTSIDE!

WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT THE RED INVADER, O LEADER? HE APPEARS TO BE INVULNERABLE TO OUR ATTACKS!



HE IS AN ORDINARY HUMAN! OUR WEAPONS WILL DESTROY HIM LITERALLY! AFTER ALL, WE ARE THE MOST ADVANCED TYPE OF BEING! TO KILL THE WORLD IS OUR DESTINY!



I'M STILL NOT CONVINCED!

THE RED INVADER!



THE STAR-BUY WILL DESTROY HIM!

YOU CAN'T HURT ME!



AND I KNOW THIS ISN'T GOING TO HURT YOU! BUT I CAN'T HELP TRYING!



GRASSKIN

IT WORKED! HE FELT IT!

UGH!

BOOF

"PLEASE DON'T HIT US NOW! WE'VE HAD NO POWER WHEN THE MORNING STAR IS HIDING BY STORM!

"YOU HAVEN'T? THEN THE SOURCE OF YOUR POWER MUST LIE IN THE CELESTIAL RADIATIONS FROM VENUS— OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE MORNING-STAR!



"INSTANTLY THE MIGHTY BRAIN OF CAPTAIN MARVEL GRASPS THE SOUNDING FACT....

"THAT DUSTED SPACE SHIP! OF COURSE! IT MUST BE THE ANSWER! THE DESTINY MEN AREN'T HUMAN AT ALL! THEY'RE INHABITANTS OF VENUS! THEIR ANCESTORS DIED LONG AGO, AND THESE PEOPLE HAVE GROWN UP NOT KNOWING THEIR TRUE ORIGIN!



"I'M GOING TO REPAIR THAT SPACE SHIP, SO YOU CAN RETURN TO YOUR HOME ON VENUS! BUT FIRST YOU'VE GOT TO SEND A MESSAGE TO THOSE TWO DESTINY MEN YOU PUT ON THE BEAL OF JOHN ELDER! TELL THEM TO RETURN!

"YES, SIR! WE CAN CONTACT THEM AT ONCE VIA TELEPHIC WAVES!

AND SOON



"YOUR SPACE SHIP IS READY! I WISH YOU A SAFE JOURNEY!



"WE'RE VERY GRATEFUL! WE NEVER COULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY ON EARTH! IT WILL BE PLEASANT TO BE AMONG OUR OWN PEOPLE AGAIN!

BACK AT BEAM THE SERVANTS' CAVE

"THEIR GOING! OEE! THAT STREAK OF LIGHT? IT'S THE DESTINY MEN—RETURNING TO THEIR OWN HOME!

"THEY'VE FOUND THEIR TRUE DESTINY AT LAST! THANKS TO YOU, CAPTAIN MARVEL!



Hi, Pardner!

Now you can wear
these famous NEW... OFFICIAL

Roy Rogers Shirts



\$3.95



\$5.00

NO. 222—"Buster" (officially Western style)—long-sleeved and buttoned, washable, fast-drying, machine-durable, blue or red, sizes 4 to 18. Price—\$3.95

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Colors (Set checked)	<input type="checkbox"/> Tan	<input type="checkbox"/> Blue
(Set checked)	<input type="checkbox"/> Green	<input type="checkbox"/> Brown
I prefer: & _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Check	<input type="checkbox"/> Cash

Name (Please print) _____

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Zip _____

Send me FREE Catalog (Please include return address on envelope)

THE SECRET of MYSTERY MOUNTAIN!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" SPORTS STORY

WE WEREN'T LOOKING FOR TROUBLE WHEN WE STARTED OUR HIKE...

PEE WEE'LL BE POOPED BY THE TIME WE CLIMB THIS MOUNTAIN.

POOPED, BUT IF THEY ONLY KNEW THE TOP JIM WISE GAVE ME

HEY! THERE ARE SOME MEN UP AT THE DESERTED CABIN!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

QUIET NOW, FELLOWS

WE'LL HIDE THE LOOT HERE UNTIL THE COAST IS CLEAR!



PEE WEE, RUN DOWN AND GET THE STATE POLICE.

HE'LL NEVER FIND IT... LET ME GO!

WHAT JIM TOLD THE BOYS ABOUT "P-F" CANVAS SHOES "P-F" CANVAS SHOES WITHOUT SKIVING FOREFEET, SURFACE OF YOUR SHOE, MAKES YOU A BETTER ATHLETE!

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.

2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION ASSURES COMFORT FOR THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



* TRADE MARK

"P-F" CANVAS SHOES FOUND ONLY AT "P-F" CANVAS STORES

HEY, PEE DEE... GET HIM!



AFTER HIM, QUICK!

BANG



BUT JIM AND THE BOYS STAY IN...



IN THE EXCITEMENT, ONE OF THE ROBBERS ESCAPES WITH THE MONEY!



OUR MAN PICKED UP NUMBER THREE... THANK TO YOUR SPEED, PEE WEE!

GOOH... WHAT A NUMBER! IT'S "P-F" FOR ALL OF US NOW!



"P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY B. F. GOODRICH AND HOOD RUBBER CO

YOU'LL HAVE MORE SPEED AND STAYING POWER, TOO-- BE A BETTER ATHLETE --P-F YOU INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES!

